HYMEN AND CUPID.

A

FABLE.

Written on Occaſion of the Nuptials (July 2, 1764) of the Right Honourable the Lord Warkworth, with the Lady Anne Strwart.

Quis Deus magis ab magis
Eſt petendus amantibus?
Quem colent homines magis
Cœlitum? ô Hymenæe Hymen,
Hymen ô Hymenæe. Catullus.

BY JOHN LOCKMAN.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR, MDCCLXIV.

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FAR-GLITT'RING Dews the Groves o'erſpread;
The Morning Star was ſcarcely fled:
Cool was the Air; and, from the Lawn,
The Lark hail'd ſweet th' approaching Dawn:
When CUPID, whoſe unerring Dart
Inflicts a deep, yet pleaſing Smart,
Met HYMEN, God of chaſte Deſires,
Who Wiſdom, Truth, and Joy inſpires.

SMILING, the *Deities* renew
Their Friendſhip, and paſt Acts review.
CUPID, with Pride, His Conqueſts told,
Made, thro' the World, o'er Young and Old:
And HYMEN prais'd His flow'ry Chains,
Whence Pleaſures ſpring, unmix'd with Pains;
When CUPID thus:—"Good HYMEN, ſay,
"Why oft my warmeſt Hopes betray?
"Why, when a *Pair* I recommend,
"'Mid thoſe who at my Shrine attend;
"Who boaſt a bright, ethereal Flame,
"Till Life's extremeſt Verge the ſame:
"Yet, paſt one Moon, their Love ſhall turn;
"No more their Souls with Fondneſs burn:

" No more delicious raptures feel,
" But their ſtrong Fire to Ice congeal!"

HYMEN reply'd: — " Without a Cauſe,
" Mankind arraign me, and my Laws;
" Since theſe in their Advantage ſpeak,
" And I their Welfare always ſeek.
" But, — (mark me!) — here their Error lies; —
" They, chief, to FOLLY ſacrifice:
" Lend not an Ear to REASON's Voice,
" But, heated, make a random Choice.
" From ſuch wild Nuptials what cou'd flow
" But Coldneſs; Hatred; ev'ry Woe?
" Unfelt that Sympathy of Mind,
" When Each for Each appear deſign'd.

" WHILE, on ſuch Rocks, whole Myriads run;
" Incautious wed, and are undone:
" Joyous, a NOBLE PAIR we view,
" Who, true to *Love*; to *Reaſon* true;
" Greatly contemn the venal Arts,
" When Hands are join'd, tho' froze the Hearts:
" When Senſe and Beauty naught avail,
" And Money only turns the Scale."

FAR diff'rent Motives here engage;
Such as long ſway'd the Golden Age.
The PAIR, whoſe Bliſs the Bard wou'd ſing,
On ready, but unequal Wing;
Tho' Rank be Theirs, and high Deſcent;
Her richeſt Gifts tho' Fortune lent;
Yet did not thoſe firſt wake Deſire;
Not kindle Love's inchanting Fire;

Not,

Nor, firſt, the mutual Wiſh infuſe: —
Pomp, Wealth, were ſecondary Views.

LOVE was the Baſis: — this fam'd Power
Preſided o'er their natal Hour.
He, chuſing two propitious Darts,
Of like Materials fram'd their Hearts:
Bid theſe each other ſweetly draw;
Impell'd, as by magnetic Law.

MINERVA, in a PARENT's Form,
With Precepts did their Boſoms warm;
And, darting a celeſtial Ray,
To WISDOM's Temple ſhap'd their Way.
There nurtur'd; there, by TRUTH inſpir'd,
The happieſt Knowledge they acquir'd. —
Bleſt Theory! — there underſtood,
That VIRTUE is the greateſt Good:
That, 'mong the Joys which Mortals know,
The chief from ſacred WEDLOCK flow:
When *like* impulſes *Both* controul;
Mild, and all Uniſon their Soul:
When but one Strife, (if Strife they prove)
Is how to beſt expreſs their Love:
When they, amid Delights combin'd,
In Dreams a new Elyſium find.

O STATE, beyond Deſcription ſweet!
Then (LOVERS!) is your Bliſs complete.
Ye tread as on inchanted Ground,
And all ſeems Paradiſe around.

THE preſent Nuptials claim high Praiſe:
And, hark! APOLLO's ſounding Lays.

The

The *Siſter-Arts* their Tribute bring,
While the fam'd NINE in concert ſing.
The *Graces*, as they Bowers prepare,
With Tranſport hail the ſhining PAIR.
The little *Loves* around them fly,
And CUPID darts a ſmiling Eye;
While HYMEN from his Altar bows,
And o'er them breathes auſpicious Vows: ---
Praying that JOVE their Days may crown
With roſy Health, and high Renown. -----
HE, zealous 'mid the patriot Band,
To ſerve the KING, and ſerve the LAND:
Ready for both, at *Honour*'s Call,
To win freſh Wreaths *, or greatly fall. -----
His BRIDE, to Courts a Luſtre lend;
The *Muſes* Darling, and their Friend:
Grac'd with ſuch Charms as moſt endear,
And happier each ſucceeding Year.

THAT from them may deſcend a Race,
Whoſe Virtues, All, enrapt, may trace.
A Line, whoſe Glory, like the Sun,
Thro' Time's amazing Round may run:
May ſpread, thro' Earth, the PERCY Name;
And, to the Stars, exalt it's Fame.

* *Lord* WARKWORTH *ſignalized himſelf, under the Marquis of* GRANBY, *in the late War in Germany.*

FINIS.

Woodford, ESSEX,
July 3, 1764.